and the crowd grew furious. Little Mil

she to be butchered for gold—the law

the unfortunate Miles Williams tow

am innocent-indeed I am-have mercy."

widowed mother-mercy, mercy-wait a

little while -only a little while! Surely

One, alone, answered this last appeal

A young lawyer of eminent ability, and

personally popular, sprang forward, sev-

red the rope, and then in a clear, silvery

"My friends, be careful of your acts

You are about to do what in this man you

down, do what you will to scene the

"To that man fresh from the cells. I

· but to you, my companions, n righbors,

right have you to commit a murder?

ing face, the countenance of their preach

ment there seems a doubt which way the

soemnly quoted, fell on the crowd at that

I can prove my innocence!"

the imprompte gallows.

for blood.

. IMPORTANT LETTERS

could make out by the stars, in a north-

if one, it immediately disappeared .-

corded together. I fastened it, almost

ed that the water had not damaged them.

deed had been made known by the con-

"That," said the lawyer, "is Mr.

H Since the night of the criminal's

has been a complete wreck. Every

evening he wanders to the lake. If stormy,

liams was yet alive, and in the town o

Williams went to see him, and assured

- Can Make Their Mark.

When the Seventh Kinias was sta

tioned at Corinth with the North Illin-

ois Infan ry, guarding the railroad a

the army of the Potomac-was there

transacting some business in that dis-

of the Seventh and Ninth. With Col.

with the Colonel, he remarked:

was very familiar.

ing our marks."

to us again ?"

ment.

Jesse Phillips, of the Ninth Illinois, he

"Colonel, I have been, since my ad

vent here a close observer of Western

The Colon-I drew his hand slowly

ecross his high and sunburnt brow, eyed

the Major closely, and said, "Your state-

ment, sir, regarding Western men may

be true in many respects; but, air, while

you men in the army of the Potomac

have been living in luxury and making

masterly advances on Washington, by

The Major smelled a mice and was

silent on the merit or demerit of the two

sections of the country during the re-

mainder of his stay in that Depart-

The Independent says that when Wen-

" Mr. Phillips, when shall you come

"When the slaves are free, and the

romen vote," he replied.
"Then," rejoined Monsieur, "we shall

ever see you; good bye."

The editor of the Independent adde

"Now we hope the good time is coming when Wendell Phillips may revisit France

from France, a Frenchman said :

his mind was irretrievable gone.

WHOLE NUMBER, 362.

VOLUME VII .-- NUMBER 50, ?

"LORENA"-A SONG.

Choice Boetry.

The years creep slowly by, Lorenz, The snow is on the grass again; The san's law down the sky, Lorenza, The frait gleams where the flowers have be-But the heart throbs on as warmly now As when the Sommer days were nigh; Oh' the sun can never dip so low

A handred months here passed, Latena, Since last I held that hand in mine, And felt the pulse bent fast, Lorena. The' mine heat faster far than thine. A braded months - twee flowery May, When up the hilly slope we climbed, To watch the dying of the day, And hear the distant church-bells chime

We loved each other then. Lorena, More than we ever dared to tell, And what we might have been. Lorens, Had but our loving prospered well. But then 'his past—the years are gone, I'll ant call up their shadowy forms; I'll say to them, "lost years, sleep on! Sleep on nor heed life's politing storms."

The store of the past, Lorenz, Alas! I care not to repeat-The hopes that could not last, Lorenz, Ther lived, but only lived to chest. I would not cause e'en one regret To makle in your bosom now; Pat "if we try, we may forget," Were words of thine long years ago.

Yes, these were words of thone, Lorens, They bern within my memory yet; They trucked some tender chards, Lorenz Which thrill and tremble with regret. Tess not thy woman's heart that spoke; Thy heart was always true to me:-A duty stern and pressing, broke The tie that linked my soul with thee.

It matters little now, Lorens. The past-is to the eternal Past-Our heads will soon lie low, Lorenz, Life's ride is abbing out so fast. There is a Fature! O, thank God, Of life ther is so small a part! Tis dust to dust beneath the sad; But there, up there, 'tie heart to heart

"ALONG THE LINES."

Oh, the eyes that are watching the river's shores, The river that gleams and shines, Where our bravest and trunet brothers now, Are waiting along the lines.

Waiting wearily, too, ere we, Waiting the fate-hopr's chimes,

But hearts bent calmic, hearts heat slow. 'Twill be redder than blood of vines, With Liberty's sacromes al wine That shall flow along the lines

And dennier than the solemn sighing

Shall come the mosnings of the dylag To se, from along the lines.

Ah, well! that to night the white texts cleam. Where the monobeam flickers and shines, And over the land the tidings name, " All quiet along the lines."

To the increment shrine of shrines:-"Sucress hit out hanner, whetever it streams In battle, sinng the lines."

Schot Cale.

THE STORY OF MILES WILLIAMS.

Some forty years ago, when Saudusky, criminal, but respect the law"-Ohio, was a small town, the following "And give Squire B- a crane singular events occurred there. A young cle r hom," interrupted the convict I have man named M les Williams, who had mentioned. come into that neighborhood to look for aplace to locate, sauntered into Sandusky have nothing to say," replied the lawyer; the alternoon, with a rifle on his shoulder. and going to the wharf, inquired of the friends, I appeal-earnestly appeal. Why captain of a schooner when he was going will you do this couel thing? What

"I don't know, exactly," said the cap- How will you answer to the great Giver tin; "there is a storm brewing on the of all good for this? Where is your an lake, and it looks to me as if it was goin' thority ?" to lead off a dance for a good many firt- "Wheso sheddeth man's blood, by man in ones, and I don't believe in puttin' shall his blood be shed," responded a out to sich company—it corrupts good harsh voice, and the crowd turning, saw manners, as the sayin' is. You seem to where a torch waved over a stern, unfeel-

be in a harry, comrade ?" "I am. I got ill news from home this er! It was a time when the gathered feelmorning, and I will double your passage-money, if you run me down to Cleveland pauses in its rash career, and for a mo-

"Not I. I wouldn't undertake it for tide will flow. The awful passage so four times the money."

Silvaced by this reply, the vonng man moment, when the slightest word would went to a botel near by, and sitting down. have turned them from their purpose, and thrust his hands into his pockets, with stimulated as it seemed to them by a the dogged air of one who makes up his command from Heaven, they once more haind to be content with a positive evil seized their trembling captive, when the Relad been sitting with a look of gloomy old captain, whom Williams had impordiscontent but a short time, when the tuned for a passage, claimed to be heard: clatter of horses' feet were heard in the street, and a man, pale and trembling. thinks we hadn't ought to hang this felsood within the door-way. His first dis-cordant atterance was the word "Murder!" He wanted to sail with me this day, not-No expression of pain or terror can send withstanding the threatening storm. He the same deathly chill to the heart as that shall do so. We'll take him outside the sheriff of the county hastily entered and shore. In the man while the storm grew

a mile of the village, and in her sprightly deck, with their victim in their midst, a mile of the village, and in her sprightly deck, with their victim in their midst, deck was forced to lie down, and soon was forced to lie down.

The Boston Traveler has been reading the Copperhead newspapers, and quetes from them as follows:

Perhaps no some every aide, was a dreary waste of waters.

Strange as it may sound. I was greatly wast."

Strange as it may sound. I was greatly wast."

"Soldiers are sent home to vote the falling again into the hands of that terfalling again into the hands of that terfalling again into the hands of that terfalling again into the hands of that ter-

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS. THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1864.

looking carefully on all marks the violence

tent- scattered over the floor. In the gar unskillful hands. Desperate efforts were moon go down, and the stars lade away ret, to which place the poor little creature made to regain the wharf, but in vain, into the cold gray light of morning, and had probably fied, Millie was found cov The schooner ran upon a ledge of rocks then the sun came up with the clear, calm ered with blood that flowed from a stab and quickly went to pieces. Two only day, but no land could be seen-nothing in her side, her little hand grasping an of its strange crew were saved—the cler- but glittering water. I imagined at one old bed post, while around her neck a gyman and the convict tog thes reached time seeing in the dim distance a sail, but white handkerchief was slightly knotted the shore.

neighbors picked up a squirrel with one events, the Bay. Mr. H --- was awaken- near me, and on paddling my boat along fore-paw gone, and its head scalp d by a ed one night by a request to come imme side, found it a bale of goods, carefully rifle ball. A young man who had been distely and administer religious consola chopping wood in a neighboring grove, tion to a prisoner, who attempting an es- without motive, to my boat, and again immediately recognized it as one Wil- cape from jul had been mortally wounded lying down, was soon salesp. I was liams had shot that afternoon; he was by, by the sentinel on duty. The reverend awakened by a short, and, starting up, and, picking it up, remarked that it was gentleman folded his cloak about him, found I was running in close to a wooded an excellent shot. Williams left him, and accompanied by the jailer threaded shore, and a number of men staring in and went in the direction of Woods' his way through snow and sleet to the wonder at my appearance. In answer to house with the squirrel in his hand. The prison. They found the prisoner writh my request, one of them waded in and handkerchief unwound from Millie's neck ing in pain upon his bed in a gloony cell. pulled my boat to the land. I learned, had the letters M. W. in one corner. lit by a dim candle, and alone, for the to my great relief, that I had reached the

own name, but her mother positively "You've come at last," growled the It was supposed that I had been shipavowed she owned no such article. Sat- prisoner, as the clergyman, approaching wrecked, to which my bale of goods at isfied with these circumstances, the officer the bed, took from beneath his cloak a once gave coloring, and secured for me a at once arrested Williams, as before men- book, and began the duties pertaining to kind reception. On opening this bale, his sacred mission. "You have come at next day, I found it filled with coatly The prisoner was burried to the nearest last-I thought I'd step out before you silks and velvets, and so admirably packmagistrate, and the evidence I have de got here !"

The clergyman tried in vain to calm This had probably been lost from some tailed given before him. In addition to this, spots of fresh blood were found on the hardened wretch; he would hear none week in the late storm, and noting the his coat-sleeve; and as Woods had been of the consolations of religion. "I only address with the intention of repayment robbed of some gold and silver coin of a sent for you," said the wretched man, "to some day, I sold the contents, and with peculiar character, two or three of the relieve my mind of a secret; and as you the proceeds made my way to New York. were concerned in the business, I thought where I, after my mother's death, joined pieces were found upon the unfortunate man's person. This riveted the final link, you'd be happy to hear it. You remember an expedition fitting out for ----, in the night we launched that young chap South America. In this new home I he, so good, so loved and loving, all reoverboard who killed Millie Woods ?" married, and engaged in merchandise. A tremor like an ague ran through the There I lived until I learned, a few membered as a child of their own; and

seemed too slow and mild for vengeance; and the great crowd, new swelled to hundreds, swayed to and fro, shouting angrily A convict but lately released from prison, hastened forward with a rope, threw to the garret and killed her. I was there to the open window. They looked and it over a post, while some of the citizens, robbing the house when Williams came saw a gaunt figure, with sunken eyes, in answer to this mute suggestion, hurried slong. I heard him speak cheerily to pale cheeks, and long gray hair, in the leave. A minute after she was a dead

"Oh, gentlemen !" screamed the young baby, and he had the blame!" "Lord, have mercy on me !" grouned con'ession his intellect, never very strong, man, frightened at what appeared his in-

evitable fate. "Have mercy upon me-I His voice was drowned in a roar from the crowd. "Who had mercy on little It's our turn now! I don't beg-I won't shelter, but hour after hour he paces the Millie? keng him, hang him!" and again -I'll die as I have lived -hut von can shore, as if he expected every moment they pushed him towards the fatal post. "Oh, God !" cried the unhappy man, in bitter anguish, and trembling like a came up together-now we go down- made sensible of the fact that Miles Wil down-down !" child, "will no one pity me? I have a

voice, that rung out high above the tumuit, failed almost into an uncertain legen !; lake were henceforth discontinued; but centlem in of staid, respectable appearance, accompanied by his wife and child rea, made his way from the evening condema - an awful murder. Chain him as he passed. He stopped before one that the new comer to be seated, he peers! at him through his spectacles, and inquired his basiness.

"Mr. B-, you do not remember

thought you dead years ago. Sit down sit down-and tell me all."

"After I was thrown from the vesse one word of terrible import; and, paralyz ed with stupid surprise, the gathered crowd inquiringly gazed at the breathless him. What say you?"

Shall do so. We'll take him outside the occurring, the gathered adrift. Then the Lord have mercy on it is my mouth, and soon guawed it is my mouth. messenger of evil. Before he could relate A shout of approbation was the rewhat seemed to choke his utterance, the sponse, and they hurried Williams to the in a few minutes I freed myself and sat up.

sheriff of the county hastily entered and shore. In the manyhile the storm grew With an old tin cup, that I found in the loud, and, when in the dark night, their boat, I bailed out the water, and then, "For what?" faltered the young man. torches beaten out by the wind and rain, the murder of Millie Woods," was to ship no more of the stern real. Millie was known to every man, woman failed, and seven only were found peady wind bad somewhat subsided, but so exceptible of the village, and in her within deck, with their victim in their midst, but so the storm and the night. By morning the when Wendell Phillie wind bad somewhat subsided, but so exceptible parents living within deck, with their victim in their midst, but so the storm and the night. By morning the when Wendell Phillie wind bad somewhat subsided, but so exception to the enterprise. Clambering upon the box wind bad somewhat subsided, but so exception to the enterprise. Clambering upon the box wind bad somewhat subsided, but so exception to the enterprise. The editor of the whole when Wendell Phillies was known to every man, woman failed, and seven only were found present and the night. By morning the whole when Wendell Phillies was the only to the enterprise. Clambering upon the box wind bad somewhat subsided, but so exception to the contract of the waves, and in this way rode out the whole when Wendell Phillies was the only to the enterprise. Clambering upon the box wind bad somewhat subsided, but so exception to the enterprise. The editor of the waves, and in this way rode out the whole whole whole whole will be night. By morning the whole whole whole will be night. By morning the whole whole

THE SONG OF GRANT'S SOLDIERS.

Pile on the rails! Come, comrades all, Wo'll sing a song to-night; orraw, when the bugles call, Be ready for the fight to ready then with load harred To battle or to die; When Grant shall yield, the Northern sta

Will fade from out the sky. Harrah! hurrah! burrah!

Their watch-fires we can see; We laugh to hear the traitor boast Of Southern victory. Three cheers for Grant, and one more chee Until the woods ring back! Ah, well the rebel chief may fear The blood-hound on his track. Harrah! harrah! harrah

In Freedom's cause our blades were drawn: The traitor yet shall fee! Before the day of Peace shall daws How strong is Northern steel. Three cheers for Grant, my gallant men! Give three load, roaring cheers! Until the for within his den Shall tremble while he hears.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Thus far we've some through fire and flood; Still farther on we'll press. Although the way be red with blood. As through the wilderness. Then cheer, brave comrades, let the nigh Ring with your loud harrahs, For Grant, who knows so well to fight, And for the Stripes and Stars.

Our longing eyes shall yet behold Proud Richmond's slender spires Our children's children will be told How fought their valiant sires. Look well to cap and cartridge, too; And as we onward press, We'll cheer for Grant, who bro't us through The bloody wilderness. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Brave soldiers of the Lord are we, In solid rakes we come! The Southern traitors yet shall see How fight the "Northern seum." Be ready, then, with lond hurrah, To battle or to die: When Grant shall yield, the Northern star Will drop from out the sky.

Harrah! harrah! harrah! (The following lines have recently been enoted by ed orator, in speaking of the men who have

periled their lives for Liberty and Union:] "They fell devoted but undvine The waters mormur of their name: The silent pillar—lene and gray— Claims kindred with their sacred clay: Their memory spart les o'er the fountain; Their spirits wrap the dusky mountain; The meanest rill, the mightiest river. Rolls mingling with their names forever

tons of the series to the time of tilete flow

As we go marching on." Not half the soldiers on the rebel side

Yet Southern learning has been much belied, If it be true that "he who ruse may read!"

HOWARD. THE PROCLAMATION FORGER.

Specimens Of his Style as a Writer.

We select the following extracts from letter in the Brooklyn Eagle, purporting to have been written by Howard, from Fort Lafavette. The letter is an excellent imitation of the style in which the great " Dead Beat, "his fancy nom de guerre, was wont to tickle the literary palates of the readers of the Eagle :

While engaged in conversation one day CELL 6 311, SECOND TIER,) Fort Lalayette, May 24. DEAR EAGLE: - In the language of the magnificent" Vestvali, "I am here."

men-have observed their rude manners. I think I shall stay here, at least till I disgusting and filthy customs, and more get out. particularly their ignorance. Well, sir, Perhaps you are surprised at my audit is an absolute fact that not more than den departure. So was I. one-third of the men can read or write; two-thirds of them have to make their

But I received a pressing invitation from Gen. Dix to come down here, which didn't feel at liberty to decline, so

Bob Marray brought me here. Bob

Morray is United States Marshal, and he marshalled me the way I should go; so thought it best to go.

Bob is a nice man; he has a very

taking way about him; but I wouldn't recommend you to cultivate his acquaint-You may have beard of Fort Lefavette

it is a great resort of the friends of the Administration-over the left, THE LOCATION

of Fort Lefayette is in the water betwee the Atlantic Ocean and West Point, It is a good site for a marine residence dell Phillips was embarking homeward but I haven't seen any mariners yet. It is inaccessible on all sides, except the in side. It's out accessibility is what I most object to.

> THE WAT TOU GET IN is carious, and may interest your reads who haven't been here. You can't go by railroad, or steamboat, or horse and boggy. The entrance is effected in a highly military manner, invented, I believe, by Gen. Dix or some other man.

You go to Fort Hamilton,
Which is just over the way.
A 1,250 pound shell with the inside out is provided for the purpose. You get in the shell. It is then put in a 2:40

about fifty miles. You then come down and land right in the middle of Fort Lafavette.

The artillery artist has attained great precision in the range, and you alight exactly in the centre of a hollow square of military people drawn up to receive you.

as the shell goes up is terrific. When you have reached an altitude of forty-nine miles, eight furlongs, the view

THE SENSATION

is magnificent. You have a bird's eye view of Bath, Coney Island and New Jersey. I made a sketch of it

I'll send it to you. Perhaps you think this a strange way of getting into the Fort, but it isn't a circumstance to

THE WAY OF GETTING OUT, which I haven't discovered yet. When I do, I'll let you know.

The people who keep the fort are of the military persuasion, it is their forts. They mostly wear guns or swords, and do everything in a military way, which is not a civil way, though they have been very civil to me.

The fort is a substantial building : there is no apprehension of burglers.-Sensible people would rather break out thun into it. As a hotel it is not equal to the Mansion

Honse, though the terms are more reason able. They don't charge any board .-The only charge military people are given to is to charge bayonets. . The bill of fare is wholesome, but lacks variety. There is

TOO MUCH PORK. The bill of fare, however, is varied. We have pork and crackers for break

Crackers and pork for dinner, and Pork with erackers for tea. I think we shall have a change next week, as the commandant has sent an When you write to me, enclose a bunch

of radishes in the letter. THE SOCIETY

of the Fort is select. They are mostly seen recommended here for the benefit of sez We her repoodestid him. their health. They don't generally see it. There is no female society in re.

Nor no Union Leagues. Nor no Philharmonic concerts. Otherwise it's pleasant. The view is enchanting. Lovely water scapes apread before the vision on every side. As I said before, the situation is

marine-ultra marine, and gives me the blues as I gaze upon it. There is no post-office in the Fort, an orrespondence is limited. Perhaps you'd like to know how I sent this letter. A

pigeon flew into the Fort to-day, and I attached the letter to his tail. If you get it, it will tell the tale of its delivery. The pigeon is a carrier-pigeon, an you may get him a situation as a letter-

carrier under Postmaster Lincoln. Somebody may inquire

WHY I CAME HERE. I'll tell von confidentially.

The Government is making extension o its mansion at Fort Hamilton; likewise at Fort Richmond, on Staten Island They wanted a reliable person to look after the architects, to see that they didn't pocket the bricks. Fort Lafayette is half way between, and so situated that you can see both forts at once, and is just the

place to see what is going on. A meeting of the Cabinet was called at the White Honse. Secretary Stanton introduced the subject.

The President said it reminded him story he once heard in Illinois, A man deestriks. who lived in Sangamon County, in conversation with a medical student, said he didn't believe in vaccination. Says he. in the North, the follerin cabbynet she It don't do a child a bit of good. I had a child vaccinated once, and in three days after, it fell out of a window and broke it's neck."

The Cabinet saw the point at once, and laughed so loud that they woke up Secretary Welles. Secretary Seward rang his little bell

and sent for General Dix. "General," said William H., "ho Fort Lafavette ?" "Our flag is there," said the General

with military promptness. "In there a reliable man to be for the Department of the East?" said William

"If there isn't." thundered the General I'll shoot him on the spot." "Who is be ?" asked the Secretary. "His name is Dead Beat," says the General

"Send him to Fort Lefayette." So I came. I am still bere. Yours,

In retirement.

The New York Herald styles the Copperhead gathering which will be held at Chicago, July 4, a "shent per shent" convention; says it is an absord and impodent piece of humbuggery without even a and there are not three men in a handred in any community in the United State, who can tell the name of the man who represents his district in the convention. and winds up by hoping that Congress will take some action to kill it.

Every hour that passes brings a darker and if you have occ

TE BALLADE OF MANS, LOVELL.

Mans. Lovell he mounted his General's stood All on the New Orleans les And be heard the game of old Cockee Butlee. A-sounding all ever the sea-

A-sounding all over the sea! stOb what shall I do?" Mone Levell be said. "Oh, what shall I do?" said he; For this Butler's an old Massach And he'll hang up a traiter like me

He'll heng up a traiter like mei" Mans. Lorell he called for a boundy each mil, And he galloped from off the levee; And he vamosed New Orleans, betwirt two days As fast as his stood could flor des - flor-

As fast as his steed could flee! O, Mansfield Lovell, you left New York. A rebel and traitor to be; But, if ever you're caught by Cockee But-lee

Look out for your precious bod-dee doe.

Look out for your precious bed-dee. GONE IN.

"See how they run!" - MADAN Go Poor Jeff, Davis.

His low grave is He is laid out, He is played out, On the land and on the seal Write His Josef.

For that gay set, Johnson, Beaurogard and Lea. They are dead, too, On the land and on the sest O, hereafter Food for laughter

Will John B. Magrader bel He did tun, too, Fired no gun, too, So-sic semper Chivalry! Petroleum V. Nasby on Presidens

tial Candidates. CHURCH UV THE NEW DISPERSASEUS!)

April 1st, 1864. I am a reezonable man, and am detiugisht for not quarrellin with my bred and butter, perwiden I kin ascertain the order to New York for a barrel of pork. lokashen uv the bredfand butter aforsaid, with any reasonable degree ov sartenty. A cootnes in the matter uv bred and butter is a trate in all uv the Nauby family. ceptin wun who is carryin a musket at people of Southern complexion, who have \$13 per month, for principple as he

> The Dimocracy appere to want Mick Lelian. Ef he is the only man we can elect, I am kontent. I hev allas bin a classikle frage for bred and butter, may indoose me to flop. I am not 2'sich. For a Dimekrat who voted Bank and anti-Bank, Tariff and ant-Tariff, Slavery and anti-Slavery, Nebrasky and anti-Nebrasky, and who has sometimes bin on both sides av the saim question at wunst, for sich a wun, I say, to herertate now, would be like the man in the skripter, who strained at a gate and

> swallowed a saw-mill.
>
> Let Mick Lellan give bonds to per-form ez folloze, and I'm his hackleberry -otherwise I'm agin him, was and indivisible, now and furever. I want him to stipelate: 1. That the deserters and dismist or-

fisers, sich as Fitsjon Porter, et all, shel hav not over haff the appintments, givin us a fair sho. 2. That he shall patch up a peece

with his Sathern frends ez soon ez poseible after his inogerashun. 3. That of it should be decided that

the interests of the Dimekratik party reqwire a continguence uv the war, and appele shel be maid fer Dimerkratik volunteers, he shel not, under any ciscomstancis what ever, at ear time or in eny plais, interfere, in eny way, with the manijment uv the armies, ceptin them. as may hav bin drafted from Abolisha

4. That ez a guaranty that justis shell be dan them ez hez fought the soljers, be appinted. Fernandy wood, sekertary uv Stait. Jesse D. Brite, sekertary uv war.

Sammedary, sekertary uv the navy. 5. These shel hav the fast pick av the offices for their friends. (Ez nun ut em bed a friend in the Federal armiet,

the peese men wood be perfectly safe under this arrangement.) Let' Mick Lellan maik these pledgis, and I'll support him, and bring with me

my entire church. I will deny all I ever said agin bim. I will maik affide vits that he is the first general av t'no age. I will sware to being an original Mick Lellan mun, allow recognized in him a master mind, and the only man capable uv savin the country, 'and maik sech other affidavita es may f'. um time to we may possibly bete Link in.

Permone N. Nassy.

Pastor uv sed church in charge.

The following good thing is told in an account of the scene is the House, when, after a morion to expel Long, a wote of ceneare was passed open Harris looking Gov. Bostwell, in as a sort of way, "that reminds me of my boyhood's days. I need to set my trap for a wood-chuck, and find sometimes

A WORTHY EXHORTATION.—An army chaptain, wall known in this city, in a reremarked, "My brathran, if you should be again on the hattlefield. I want you to remember the Fort Pillow messeers.

Vat I had cought a skunk.

inch morter and remmed down on a shade to the Copperhead brow. If they beldig his own grave, let it be so de barrel of powder. The morter is touched are not careful they will soon be as black that he can't get up at the first resurre off, and up you go. You keep going up as their pet the "everlasting nigger."

ases and visiting in the village. Hurrying home before the threatened storm, the
agonized parents found their house robbed, and their only child britally marderangry waters. Soon the ontside of the
my coat, fastened it on the broken seat, ed. The news spread rapidly, and soon harbor was gained, and the skiff, with its and with this for a sail, drifted, near as I

the curious and cooler neighbors were victim, sent adrift. Short time had the executioners to easterly direction. I knew, sooner or had left in the premises. The front door dwell upon their ruthless deed. Their later, I must strike the Canada shore, but was found open, all the inner doors un-locked or broken, every drawer, chest, lent has seldom been equaled, and the lit-press or cupho ard forced. and their con the craft was worked, save the skipper, by that long night I flasted on. I saw the

Upon the floor of the hall, one of the Some three years after these strange About noon I noticed something floating

True, these were the initials of Millie's surgeon had pronounced his case hopeless. Canada side, within a few miles of -

minister's frame as he replied, "Yes, I months since, my innocence of that cruel remember. Was be not drowned ?" "Of course he was food for the fishes fession of the real criminal." in less than no time; and that's just it. When he had finished recounting his He never committed the murder ! It was strange escape, the lawyer, rising abrupt I who killed Mille Woods-I chased her ly, caught him by the arm, and pointed

the divine, in an agony of spirit. "I slipped the gold pieces in his pocket. How he prayed and begged for mercy! no entreaties can induce him to seek a howl. He had a widowed mother. We some revelation from its troubled waters. all went under-but you and I. parson. The next day the Rev. Mr. H-was

The voice cessel -a shaller ran through Sandusky. But the poor old man could his iron frame, and the wretched criminal not really comprehend the intelligence

was no more. * In time, the village of Sandasky grew him of his forgiveness. In reply he mere to a city. Many of its old citizens had by said, "thank you; I have been looking emigrated, or were dead, and, among the for you a long time, and am glad you remaining, the events I have narrated had have come at last !" His visits to the when, one sunay afternoon, an elderly steemer to one of the principal hotels. After seen ing rooms, he walked into the creets. He earnestly scanned the signs that point, a Major - a paymaster from cad 'Attorney at Law." He pussed. and then, with a start as if the determinativity During his stay he became on intion had a spice of the desperate in it, he timate terms with the men and officers scended the stairs and entered the office. An el lerly man, with a bald head and wrinkled face, was seated at a table surrounded by books and papers. Inviting

"I cannot say that I do," answered the sttorney, slowly, as it in doubt. "Do you not remember pleading in be

salf of a poor fellow, about being lynched for a marder, some thirty years since ?" "Miles Williams!" exclaimed the law yer, joyfully. "Can it be possible? I ever forget a face, and yours I saw in a ame work that night that ought to im ress it upon my memory forever. But

hat night," said Williams, seating him- G-d, we Western men have been makself. "I was so frightened that for some time I had no consciousness of what had occurred. On becoming more collected, I found my little boat balf filled with water, riding the short heavy waves, and every second I expected to go under, or be capsized, and so drown. This not occurring. I began to look about me. I

Miscellancous.